



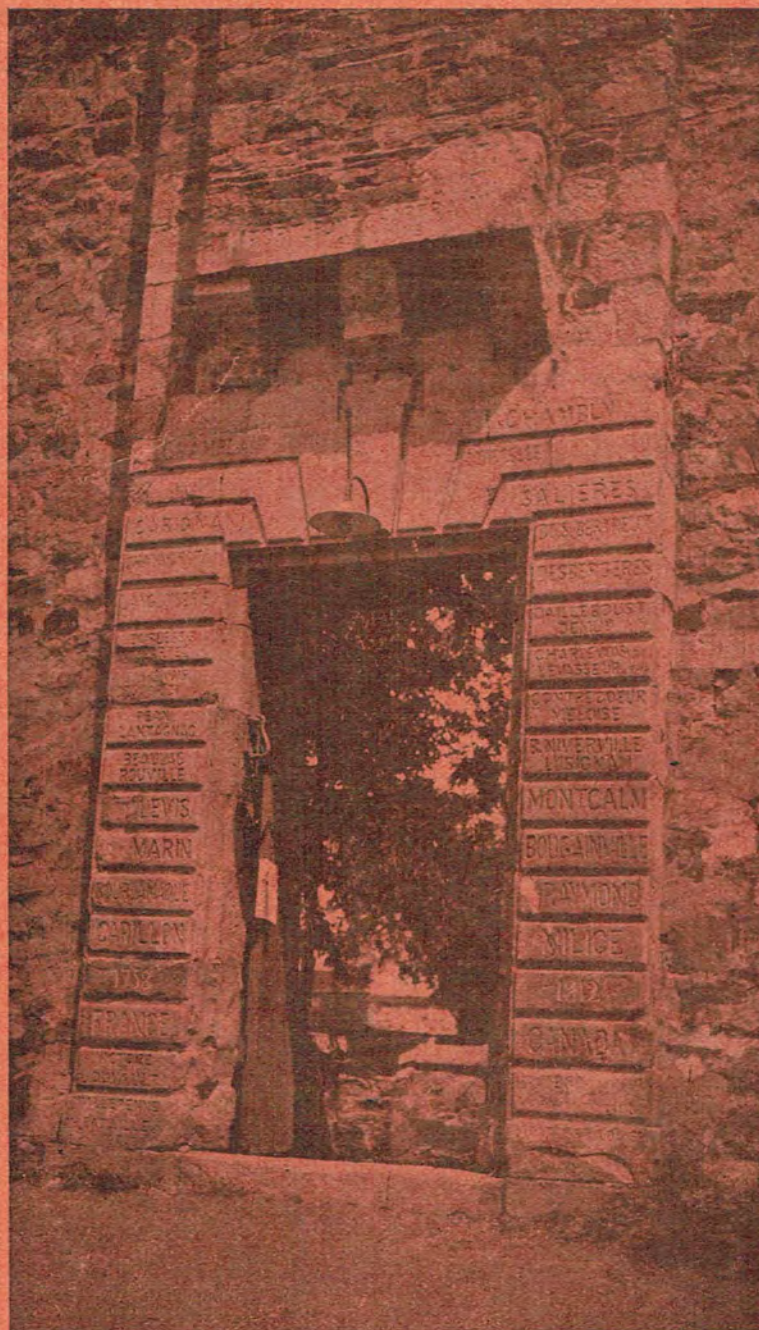
# THE GOAT

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Vol. I.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., August 17, 1923.

No. 6.



Fort Chambly—Main Entrance to the Fort.





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'e went and took the same as me."

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The Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., August 17th, 1923.  
With the Permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

## St. Johns Reaches 75th Anniversary.

On July 26th, 1848, the first charter was duly handed over and St. Johns became a spot on the map. Since that time St. Johns has seen many hard knocks, fires have swept the business portions, but the sturdy old timers were not daunted and new and better buildings arose from the ashes, and with the installation of modern fire fighting apparatus and water supply this danger dwindled to the minimum at which it stands today.

The growth of St. Johns has not been of the mushroom variety so far as manufacturing is concerned, but a steady influx of reliable and well backed concerns, year by year, has elevated the city to an enviable place in the ranks of manufacturing towns in the province, and there is room for more yet.

Her sons have given material assistance in the affairs of this Province and of Canada. It is for those who are here now to emulate their energy and enterprise while they remain at home and labour for a greater and better St. Johns in the future.

St. Johns has always, from early years, been a military centre, the Imperial Government maintaining a garrison for many years. After their departure the barracks remained vacant for a long period and in 1882 they were taken over by the Canadian Government, and a company of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, (then the Military School Corps) commanded by the late Lt.-Colonel D'Orsenens took over. Various Commanding Officers succeeded, and when the R.C.R. were removed the Royal Canadian Dragoons took over, and with the exception of the period of war time when the barracks were used as a mobilization station for many corps, among them the famous 22nd French-Canadian Regiment, the Dragoons have occupied them since.

Without undue haste St. Johns has trudged along and each year

sees some improvement, first the old wooden sidewalks were replaced by concrete, and then the earth streets gave way to macadam, these giving way to concrete, until St. Johns can boast of streets second to none, and work still going on.

The old and shaky wooden bridge between St. Johns and Ibergville gave place to a modern concrete bridge a few years ago.

The antiquated waterworks system was taken over by the city some few years ago and a modern filtration plant and water supply given the city, much to the general betterment of public health.

Served by the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian National Railways, the Rutland and the Central Vermont, and for eight months of the year with a waterway extending from Montreal to New York, St. Johns is an ideal place for the location of manufacturing concerns.

There is every reason why St. Johns should face the future with confident optimism. Her leading men are co-operating more and more to further her interests. Such organizations as the Board of Trade, C.M.A. Branch, Kiwanis Club, and others promise no small assistance.

### Town Celebrates Occasion With Processions, Music and Speeches.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the merry-making started and was carried on well into the evening, and, with Mayor Trahan proclaiming a half holiday in honor of the anniversary, practically everyone came out to take part in, or at least watch the fun.

Proceedings commenced with the formation of a procession which proceeded to St. Johns parish church, where a short service was held. In the meantime, the C.P.R. Employees Organization were holding a meeting, and at conclusion of the service, many of the participants hurried to the station

to be in time to greet the delegates arriving in St. Johns for the meeting. A brief welcome was accorded by the local agent, L. P. Timmons, to which J. S. Lalonde, the agent at Hochelaga station, who is president of the Quebec district of the organization, replied. The delegates were then conducted on a tour of inspection over the town, being shown its parks, streets and industrial points, and concluded with St. Johns College, where luncheon was served. Short speeches were made by several prominent persons during the meal and at a meeting which was held on the college grounds afterwards.

During the afternoon the delegates paid a visit by automobile to the Royal Canadian Dragoon barracks. Afterwards, be-decked and be-ribboned automobiles formed into a long procession and proceeded through the streets, which were gaily decorated with streamers and flags.

The principal event of the day however, was the banquet given by the Kiwanis Club at the Canada Hotel. The chief subject of each speaker was the wonderful progress made by the town in its industrial and other activities, and particularly during the last ten years. The authorities of the town were highly complimented on their success in inducing so many large concerns to come and establish themselves at St. Johns. The importance of the garrison was also commented upon. It was stated that the military have become an inseparable part of the town life ever since the war of 1812, when the garrison was first established there.

During the banquet the townspeople were entertained in Marchand Park by the town band and afterwards in Laurier Park. With the kind permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., the Barracks Recreation Field was used to give a grand display of fireworks, this brought the day of merry-making to an end.

### CANADA'S SYMPATHY.

The Union Jack is at half mast all over Canada this week as an expression of profound sympathy with the United States in the death of their Chief Executive, President Warren G. Harding, in San Francisco, last Thursday, August 2nd. In the hour of sorrow and mourning through which the great neighbouring republic is passing the two countries are drawn very closely together. President Harding's recent visit to Canada and his kindly words of friendly interest and encouragement created

much interest in him personally, and his quiet and patient manner as President of the United States marked him as a man of remarkable qualities. He has endeavoured to serve his country as best he could. Labouring under a great burden of political unsettlement he has reconciled conflicting elements and his work has been done in secret rather than before the footlights. During his term the great Disarmament Conference was held at Washington, the British debt to the United States was funded, and he stood forth as an advocate of a World Court for settling international disputes. If his course in internal affairs has been one of political conciliation and compromise it was rendered necessary by political conditions at home and in his own party.

The people of Canada have too tender hearts not to be touched by the grief-stricken figure of Mrs. Harding, journeying across the continent with her distinguished husband's remains. Sincerest sympathy goes out to her in her sorrow.

Vice-President Coolidge, who has now become President, is no stranger in Canada. Born in Vermont and having been a leading figure in New England public life for years, his record is known and his staunch personality and sterling character is appreciated. He is esteemed by those who know him personally, with whom we have talked about him, as a thorough-going executive, less enamoured of compromise than the distinguished leader whom he succeeds. A man of deep and rigid convictions, he has risen to a post of the greatest power. He will have the sympathy of all classes as he takes up the duties that Death has thrust into his hands, supported by the great confidence he has won, a confidence that all classes repose in him.—St. Johns News.

### PERSONAL & REGIMENTAL.

The 7th Dragoon Guards, reduced to one squadron, and amalgamated with the 4th Dragoon Guards, are in India under the command of Lt. Col. A. S. Pilcher.

The 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, commanded by Col. J. Van Der Byl, D.S.O., of Ault fame (our Divisional School) are expected home this year, from Egypt.

Lt. Col. Geoffrey Brooke, D.S.O. is chief instructor of the Cavalry King of the Equitation School, and still wins most of the jumping prizes.

Major Johnnie O'Rorke, D.S.O., who was G.S.O. 2, is now Brigade Major of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Tidworth.



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## Militia Staff Course.

The Detail of the Militia Staff Course held at the Royal School of Cavalry, St. Johns Que., from the 16th to the 28th of July, was as follows:—

Board of Officers—President, Major-General J. H. Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Members, Col. T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Col. H. F. H. Hertzberg, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., Lt.-Col. J. M. Prower, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. R. O. Alexander, D.S.O., Major H. W. Landon, O.B.E., M.C.

Officer i/c Administration—Major W. Neilson, D.S.O.

Clerks—S/Sgt. G. E. Callicott, C.M.S.C., M.D. No. 4; Sgt. W. E. Bolton, C.M.S.C., Royal Military College.

Candidates:—

M. D. No. 1—Lt. Col. G. E. Reid, D.S.O., The W.O.R.; Lt. Col. A. J. Windell, The H.L.I. of C.; Lt. Col. A. W. Deacon, M.C., The Perth Reg.; Major J. N. McRae, M.C., the H.L.I. of C.; Major E. N. Chesham, 2nd Bde. C.M.G.C.

M. D. No. 2—Lt. Col. N. R. Robertson, D.S.O., C.E.; Major H. B. Stuart, 1st Field Tp. C.E.; Lt. Col. R. V. E. Conover, Peel and Dufferin Reg.; Major J. M. Gibson, D.S.O., The York Rangers; Major S. G. MacKay, the P.L. (A. & S.) H.; Major F. L. Henderson, The P.L.H.

M. D. No. 3—Lt. Col. L. P. Sherwood, The P.L.D.G.; Major F. B. Inkster, The P.L.D.G.

M. D. No. 4—Lt. Col. H. E. Eastman, M.C., 13th S.L.D.

M. D. No. 5—Lt. Col. G. E. Marquis, Le regt. de Levis; Maj. Bt. Lt. Col. J. A. Beaubien, Les Volt. de Que.; Major A. J. Laliberte, Les Volt. de Que.; Major J. C. J. Robitaille, Le Regt. de Levis; Major J. H. Soucy, Le Regt. de Levis; Major A. Maranda, Le Regt. de Quebec.

M. D. No. 6—Major E. M. Slader, 4th Siege Batt. C.A.; Major J. R. Gale, The St. John Fusiliers; Lt. & Bt. Major H. G. Wood, M.C., The St. John Fusiliers; Capt. E. C. Armstrong, The N. B. Rangers.

Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D., was attached to the Examining Board as Cavalry Adviser.

Major H. P. Lafferty, R.C.H.A., was also brought here from Petawawa Camp, to act in the capacity of Artillery Adviser.

"Waiter!" he called, sniffing the air suspiciously. "What is this smell of fresh paint around here?" "It will be all right in a few minutes, Sir," replied the waiter, "the two young ladies at the next table are just going."

## Old Comrades.

The following is a continuation of the list of Old Members of the Regiment residing in M. D. No. 2:—

Pte. Cole, F.G., c/o G.P.O., Toronto.

Pte. Duffy, J. J., 5 Langley Ave. Toronto.

Pte. Dalton, L. J., 7 Bellwood Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Dunston, H., Creemore P.O. Ont.

Pte. Davison, G., 554 Parliament St., Toronto.

Pte. Evans, W. A., 432 Perth Toronto.

L.Cpl. Evans, E., 327 Beach Ave., Balmy Beach, Toronto.

Pte. Evans, R. S., Lambton Mills, Ont.

Cpl. Falconer, W., Udney, Ont.

Pte. Fletcher, F. N., 111 Summerhill Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Fry, A. E., c/o G.P.O. Toronto.

Pte. Grant, J. C., 25 Summerhill Ave., Toronto.

L.Cpl. Hibbert, F., R.R. 1, Thessalon, Ont.

Pte. Hogart, F., c/o J. G. Reid, 121 Annette St., Toronto.

Sgt. Huff, G. E., Grandview P.O., Brantford, Ont.

Pte. Harris, A. M., Wroxeter, Ont.

Pte. Henry, R. I., 534 Clinton St., Toronto.

L.Cpl. Holloway, C., Milton West P.O., Ont.

Pte. Hunter, R. H., Box 172, Simcoe, Ont.

Pte. Hanks, A. C., 497 Jones Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Hockham, A., 8 Genoa St., Toronto.

Pte. Hinton, W. H., 67 Gilmour Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Higgs, S., 668 Kingston Rd. Toronto.

Pte. Hope, O., Hamilton, Ont.

Pte. Jordan, W., c/o General Delivery, West Toronto.

Pte. Jones, H., 566 Dundas St. East, Toronto.

Pte. Kinney, G. S., Chapeau, Ont.

Pte. Kearns, T., c/o Mrs. Behan, 4 Lennox St., Toronto.

Pte. Koshinski, H. M. S., 200 Brock Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Kirk, S. J., 228 Osler Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Libby, A. G., 264 Grace St., Toronto.

Pte. Lavender, E. J., 212 Ashworth Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Lee, D. H. C., 27 Seneca St., Toronto.

Pte. Lally, J. W., 142 Crescent Road, Toronto.

Pte. Markey, M., Jordan, Ont.

Cpl. Medhurst, J. W., 679 Gladstone Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Murry, B., 80 Parkway Ave., Toronto.

Sgt. Maxwell, J. G., Box 172, Sioux Lookout, Ont.

Pte. Michaelin, J., c/o G.P.O. Toronto.

Pte. Moore, L. J., 15 Marlboro Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Moule, R. E., Port Perry, Ont.

Pte. Mann, W. W., c/o G.P.O. Toronto.

Pte. Martin, J. P., 121 Benson Ave., Toronto.

R.Q.M.S. Morgan, P. G., 28 Ellsworth Ave., Toronto.

Should there be any changes in the above addresses we would be grateful if the members would let us know so that the list may be kept up to date.

## The Bran Mash.

A couple of mornings ago, on Richelieu street, a big horse, temporarily unharnessed from a wagon, spotted what he thought was a delightful meadow about a dozen yards away. He trotted along the pavement to the alluring oasis, stopped at a hoarding, and sniffed at the vivid colouring of a poster depicting an advertisement of the National Breweries. Then he turned away with disgust and walked sadly back to his nose bag.

There is always a new Jew story. This is the latest—told me by a member of the faith. A young Jew tried to make a bargain with a taxi-driver. The driver ultimately agreed to take him from Bonaventure Station to Westmount for \$1.00. "Vell now," said the Jew, "ve're both sportsmen, I'll toss you double or quits." Again the cabman agreed. The coin was spun. The cabman called heads. The Jew took a look at his own coin. "Hang it," he said, "I shall have to walk home after all."

When Tommy Howe was in Dunfermline, on his last visit to Scotland, somebody pointed out to him a man who had a great local reputation as a worthless spendthrift. "He certainly does not look it," Tommy said. "Perhaps not," his informant agreed, "but just the same, an Aunt died and left him five pounds, and he blew the whole thing in seven years."

In the market-place of the same town there is a statue of John Knox, for which the inhabitants hold great respect. A visitor was being shown the statue one day. "And who was John Knox?" the visitor asked. "Gude Lord, man," the native exclaimed, "Do ye no read the Bible?"



# The Historic Richelieu Valley

(By Major the Rev. A. H. Moore, M.A.)

## III.

We have now to turn from the time of peaceful development of wide areas along the Richelieu into thriving settlements and smiling farms, to troublous times that were caused by internal dissension, strife and open rebellion. When searching the archives of the Parish of St. Johns a few years ago I was forcibly reminded of the connection of the Richelieu valley with the rebellion of 1837-38 from the very beginning of the trouble. I came across a letter from the Montreal authorities to a St. Johns Justice of the Peace, bearing date Nov. 17th, 1837, advising of the rescue of Demaray and Davignon by about 200 armed inhabitants within a mile and a half of the ferry at Longueuil, and instructing him to arrest these men if possible, offering a reward of \$100 each, and more if necessary for their capture. This letter sent me to the records of these times, for before reading it I was of the opinion of a Montreal journalist with whom I was talking a short time ago, that the trouble at that time in this Province centred around St. Eustache on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence. I soon found that the storm centre lay along the Richelieu but can only give the barest outline here of these historic events.

For some time a conflict for supremacy had been going on between the popular legislative assembly and the executive of the Government that was appointed by the Crown. Louis Joseph Papineau, a great orator of fine presence, but a man of unpardonable indiscretion, was the popular leader of the French Canadian majority. A few English malcontents allied themselves with him, Dr. Wolfred Nelson being the leading instance, and the bungling and indecision of the British Colonial Office added to the difficulties of Lord Dalhousie, who refused to confirm Papineau's appointment as speaker of the popular assembly. Papineau preached sedition, the Roman Catholic clergy tried in vain to curb his arrogance, and finally warrants were issued for the arrest of the leaders.

Soon after the arrest of Demaray and Davignon, postmaster and doctor, of St. Johns, for high treason, and their rescue at Longueuil, the whole district along the lower Richelieu was seething with open rebellion. The rescue of these two greatly encouraged

the insurgents and under the spell of Louis Papineau's oratory and Dr. Wolfred Nelson's leadership, they soon created a formidable situation. Nelson, Papineau and Brown were wanted for high treason, and they decided to resist arrest. Colonel Gore led a force from Sorel towards St. Denis, Nelson's headquarters, where his tricolor flag of rebellion was unfurled. The insurgents captured Lieut. Jack Weir, who was carrying despatches and his mutilated body was afterwards recovered. This brutal murder revealed to the Government leaders the serious nature of the uprising. Even though Nelson was able to stave off Col. Gore's attack upon St. Denis and escape arrest, this murder of Lieut. Weir placed him and his followers out of court. Wetherall marched from Chambly against Nelson with a strong force. He captured the stockade fort of the rebels at St. Charles, his troops bitterly avenged the murder of Lieut. Weir and the rebel forces dispersed. Papineau beat an ignominious retreat, Brown followed his example, and Nelson, after satisfying himself that his position was hopeless, tried to escape but was captured in the Eastern Townships and brought to Montreal jail.

The British force that put down this first rebellion in Lower Canada was made up mainly of English volunteers but a few loyal French volunteered. The feeling against the French volunteers was exceedingly bitter and one Joseph Chartrand, a volunteer private of the parish of St. Johns, was barbarously murdered, by Nicholas and Daunais, who in the following year suffered the extreme penalty of the law for their crime. Not so, however, the murderer of Lieut. Jack Weir. By a perversion of justice that shocked the patriots and precipitated a riot in Montreal Weir's murderer was acquitted by a divided jury. The Imperial Government, with that utter failure to correctly estimate a Canadian situation that so often brought unhappy results, refused to allow capital punishment of captured insurgents, and the leniency with which offenders were treated was no small cause of the trouble that broke out in the following year. In 1838 the country along and to the West of the Richelieu was again ablaze with rebellion.

During the early part of that year a society known as the Chasseurs was organized. Its secret

lodges spread all over the district. Its aim was the extermination of the hated English through a general uprising of the French. It has been estimated that these Chasseur lodges had a membership of 3,000 in Montreal alone. The utmost secrecy was maintained and when trouble broke out in November of that year the authorities were taken almost by surprise. The rising was general throughout all the district lying West of the Richelieu. It was put down in Chateauguay and on the upper St. Lawrence, but on the Upper Richelieu and near the border a serious situation developed. Robert Nelson, a brother of Wolfred, had unfurled a new rebel flag at Napierville, a white ensign bearing two blue stars, and while his original plan was to march on St. Johns, capture it and use it as his headquarters, he decided to march on Odelltown, where Colonel Taylor had collected some units of local militia. Sir John Colborne was advancing towards Napierville with a strong force and Nelson deemed it the better part not to get too far away from the American frontier. At Odelltown, near Lacolle, Colonel Taylor was forced to take up a position in a stone church, 40 by 50 ft., with his little band of 200 men, while Nelson led against him upwards of 1,200 insurgents, many of them armed with new rifles which Nelson had just brought across from the United States. Here, on Nov. 9th, 1838, was fought a battle that had far-reaching effects. Again and again the insurgents tried to dislodge the defenders of the church and churchyard, but the stubborn courage of the British race was seen at its best as these loyalists encountered the rebels against lawful authority. They held a seemingly hopeless position but were the favourites of fortune. Just as their ammunition was running out a dense snow storm, that should have been the occasion for a rush of the attacking force, was used to replenish their supplies. Scriver, expected with reinforcements from Hemmingford, had not arrived. Across the Richelieu, at Caldwell Manor, Capt. Vaughan heard the firing and hastily collecting his men he crossed the river and was seen approaching the besieged church. The insurgents lost all courage, deemed themselves foiled, never stopped to count the little body of reinforcements but beat a precipitate retreat across the border. The day had been won and again in the vicinity of Lacolle the last shot of a series of military operations that had troubled Lower Canada died away in distant echoes. It is to such an incident in our military annals that we must look for the "live ram-

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part" that the sons of the Richelieu valley have erected to intercept and oppose the enemies of liberty and freedom\*

One passes very easily from these instances of "live ramparts" indeed to the years of the Great War, when the only occupied military post along the Richelieu, the St. Johns Barracks, was the training ground for one such rampart after another, recruited elsewhere but brought to St. Johns for final training before being built into the great rampart over in France and Flanders. Few other places in all Canada saw so many units mobilized and sent overseas to join the Canadian Expeditionary Force. First went "A" Squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, stationed at St. Johns when war broke out. The gallant 22nd French-Canadian Battalion, under Colonel Gaudet, was mobilized and trained here in the winter of 1914-15. They were followed by 500 Remounts, under Colonel M. A. Piche, who brought the free atmosphere of the plains of western Canada. Then came the glorious 87th Grenadier Guards, in December 1915, for five months' training, under General F. S. Meighen. The 117th Eastern Townships Battalion mobilized and trained here for a few weeks in June of 1916, and in the autumn of that year the Canadian Engineer Training Depot was established here under Colonel W. W. Melville. Under him over 10,000 men and upwards of 400 officers were trained, while Machine Gun Corps, Central Ontario and Western Ontario regiments were here for a time, also an Alberta unit and upwards of 5,000 Poles. Surely we may claim that history was in the making at this point on the Richelieu in these stormy days when St. Johns was simply thronged with a continuous stream of these glorious men,—all eager to get overseas and do their bit for liberty and civilization. St. Johns has been privileged to welcome back the unit that made up its garrison when war began—"A" Squadron Royal Canadian

Dragoons, the Depot being now under the command of Major Douglas B. Bowie, D.S.O.\*

And here I must conclude these papers. I must now leave it to the reader to decide whether I have established the claim, stated at the outset, that the Richelieu is **liquid history**. Before I conclude, I wish to make one or two closing observations.

The first is prompted by a common confusion into which even McMullen, one of our own historians, has fallen concerning the Eastern Townships. I would venture to point out that these Townships only touch the Richelieu on a small portion of its eastern bank in the County of Missisquoi. The eleven counties so styled all lie East of the river, and were so named because, instead of being granted as seigneuries or manors, they were surveyed into Townships and thrown open to settlers,—mostly English. In the days of conflict between the Council and Assembly of this Province the latter body actually denied representation to this English district in the Townships containing upwards of 30,000 settlers!

I would like in passing to mention that tardy recognition of the historical character of the Richelieu has been given by the taking over of Fort Chambly and Fort Lennox by the National Parks Commission. These will be preserved as shrines of Canadian history. St. Johns has been selected as an historical site that is to be suitably marked. In time, perhaps Lacolle Mill and Odelltown Church will be thus honored. This is splendid work, for as the Hon. Joseph Howe once wrote: "A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great structures and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

Then, I remember that it was in this quiet and pastoral valley that the tri-colour was first unfurled and defended under fire as the symbol of revolt against British institutions and British rule. The tri-colour of Papineau and Brown and Wolfred Nelson was not the flag of Paris or of the French

Republic. New France has no affinity with the flag of the French Revolution, and the circumstances that established it in the old land. It was the flag of rebellion, pure and simple, of free thought, of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, if you will. True, it symbolized ambition for French domination but it also stood for the extermination of English prestige and authority. It stood for the independence of Quebec, within Canada, perhaps, but independence just the same. So I ask myself what it means today as it floats along the Richelieu and the Union Jack is often conspicuously absent. It was unfurled in 1837 as a symbol of revolt against British authority. I refuse to allow it that significance as it floats today, and I look upon its use as an unhistorical and mistaken effort of French Canadians to witness to their racial descent and heritage. With that ambition the English Canadian can have no quarrel. The Coat of Arms recently adopted for this great Dominion allows and recognizes that ambition as proper and legitimate but it enables that ambition to express itself in a proper manner. The flag of the old French Regime was the Fleur de Lys, the golden lilies of Old France. It was the banner of her Catholic kings, her chivalrous courts, her cultured and adventurous people. The Tricolour preserves none of the traditions of the old French Regime. Consequently the Fleur de Lys is emblazoned on Canada's Coat of Arms, the Unicorn supports a banner bearing this device, and in this correct historical design we witness to the blending of the two streams of culture, the one following the Fleur de Lys the other the Union Jack, that have borne to us the civilization and institutions that prevail in the Richelieu valley today. As time goes on one hopes the accuracy and significance of what is set forth on our Coat of Arms will be accepted as sufficient for all races and creeds and that the jarring note associated with the Tricolour (for it is either the flag of a foreign power or the symbol of a protest against the Union Jack) will pass away through its disuse. No more beautiful combination for a nation can be suggested than the Fleur de Lys, itself a cross, and the three crosses that make up the flag of the British Empire.

Our ambition certainly is that the age of strife should be forever left behind and that the future should smile upon an united people, each race or class or section of which should be most active in building its quota of national tradition, culture and strength into the greater nationhood of the

future. And as for the valley of the Richelieu, before which each succeeding year enhances the prospect of great and peaceful development, I know of no sentiment more timely and necessary than that which Denis A. McCarthy has breathed into the following poem:

"This is the land where hate should die;  
No feuds of faith, nor spleen of race,  
No darkly-brooding fear should try  
Beneath our flag to find a place.  
Lo, every people here have sent  
Its sons to answer Freedom's call,  
Their life-blood is the strong cement  
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

"This is the land where hate should die;  
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,  
I serve my country well when I  
Respect beliefs that are not mine.  
He little loves his land who'd cast  
Upon his neighbour's faith a doubt,  
Or cite the wrongs of ages past  
From present rights to bar him out.

"This is the land where hate should die;  
This is the land where strife should cease;  
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly  
Before our flag of light and peace!  
So let us purge of poisoned thought  
That service to the State we give,  
And thus be worthy as we ought  
Of the great land in which we live."

It is customary for comic papers to run at intervals paragraphs headed: "English as she is spoke," being a form of humour derived from the attempt of some poor foreigner, during a moment of excitement, to speak the English language. We give a few examples below:—

There was a Spaniard in London, who was heard to say, to a Cabbie, during the course of an argument about the fare, "If I did know ze English for ze box, I would blow your nose, by damn I am."

There was also a waiter in a London restaurant, professing to be Swiss, who went to the kitchen with an order for a plate of chicken and tongue. He came back to the customers and shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "Tongue iss no more," he announced, "Schicken nefer vas."

Another waiter in a certain hotel was accustomed to address the guests at breakfast, somewhat in the following fashion:—"How you like your eggs boilt? Tight or loose?"

\*The centennial of the Methodist Church at Odelltown, around which this stubborn fight took place is being celebrated this month. The little stone church stands in its rural setting as a monument to the heroic defenders of constitutional government and British supremacy in 1838. It deserves to be marked as one of the historic sites of Canada.

\*The present Barracks at St. Johns were built in 1839 at a cost of £17,331 and were designed to afford accommodation for 3 field officers, 27 officers and 800 men, with a hospital having a capacity for 56 patients. To the buildings then erected have since been added several others including the beautiful stables, riding school, guard room, etc. Around the Barracks stretch spacious training areas. Taking everything into consideration St. Johns contains one of the finest and best equipped military posts in Canada.



## A Voyage of Discovery.

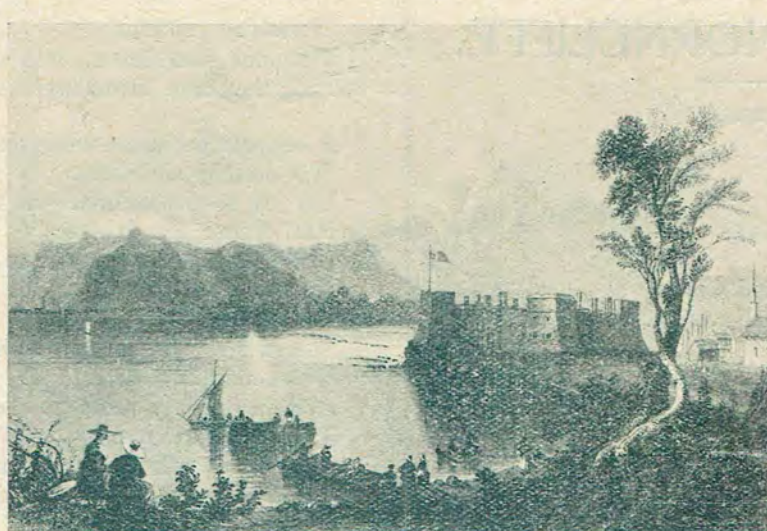
Owing to the brilliant success of the Sgts. Mess Children's Picnic on Saturday, July 21st, it was only natural that the members of the Mess should require relaxation after their erroneous duties as "nurse-maids," etc., so accordingly hurried arrangements were made, in the Mess, to set out on a voyage of discovery to find out if Isle aux Noix is in the same latitude as reported by Champlain.

At 11.30 a.m. on Sunday, July 22nd the fleet steamed out from the Hospital pier. Admiral Howe hoisted his flag on the "Trotters," Commander Snape being in command of the "Iris" and the tender "Rations." Judging from the vast crowd of spectators who lined the pier, one would have thought that the venturesome party was not expected to return.

The fleet moved off in "battle" formation, and must have proved a spectacular and touching sight to those on shore. Owing to the greater speed of the "Trotters" it was found necessary to take the "Iris" in tow, which, however, proved a failure, as the "trotters" in the engine began to kick, and in spite of the superhuman efforts of Admiral Howe, who was forced to declare that:—"he couldn't understand the damn thing," the flagship stalled, and, to make matters worse, the tow-line decided to snap, resulting in a further flow of brilliant oratory emanating from the crew. It was then suggested that the fleet part company and move off independently. The tender, some time later, broke away from the "Iris" and was rescued by the "Trotters" after Admiral Howe, assisted by Chief Engineer 'Bill' Hargreaves had succeeded in repairing the connecting rod.

The positions were then reversed and the "Iris" took the lead for some considerable time, until the "Trotters" caught up, and had no sooner come alongside, when 'Tommy Howe' touched another 'gadget' and the engine stalled. The boats were then lashed together, and steamed merrily along, side by side, under the power of the "Iris." Chief Mechanic Soutter, then boarded the "Trotters" gave his expert advice as to the trouble, and on a particular brand of oil being produced, the engine was not long in being brought back to normal. During this time the first course of the refreshments was served by Chief Steward Mauchan.

The repast being finished, the Armada journeyed up-stream, and all went well until Ryan's Wharf was reached, when a halt was made



Fort Chambly in 1842.

to allow the explorers to stretch their legs. After a short stay, the fleet departed for their destination at full speed ahead, the trip being uneventful, excepting for some trouble with the weeds on the south of the Island, and a landing was eventually made, when the travellers became infected by the atmosphere, or at least it seemed so, as they all appeared to be "nutty."

The party was then divided into three. Able Seaman Dowdell took one party, with the aid of a prismatic compass, to take the bearing of Fort Lennox, and would have, were it not for the fact that a ground hog suddenly appeared and a chase ensued, resulting in the break-up of the party. Another party under the leadership of Rear-Admiral (Retired) Clarkson, took the tender "Rations" on a fishing expedition, and were amply rewarded by a string of fish weighing 25 lbs. The third party formed a ration guard, this party being under the control of Dr. Muise, who, coming from Ontario, evidently knew the value of prescriptions.

About 6 p.m. "Stables" was sounded by Trumpeter O'Donnell, and no time was lost in the gathering of the clans. Admiral Howe and Chief Mechanic Soutter gave an interesting exhibition of deep sea diving, while clearing the weeds, which had accumulated round the propellers of the two boats. A hearty supper was then partaken of, and at the suggestion of 'Padre' Mountford, the expedition started on its homeward journey, this was again marred by Admiral Howe again exhibiting his knowledge of a turbine engine, causing the "Trotters" to again stall, the "Iris" soon disappearing over the horizon.

Eventually the engine on the "Trotters" decided to start again, and while travelling at high speed, through the mountainous seas which were encountered on the

'flats', the splashing of the fish which were tied to the side of the boat, apparently were annoying Ship's Carpenter Doyle, and he decided to change their location, when exhibiting his powers of equilibrium, the boat shipped a heavy sea, resulting in a shout from him,—“Oh Hell, there goes the blinking fish,” and next Friday's dinner found a watery grave.

When the "Trotters" came into sight of Ryan's Wharf, it was noticed that the "Iris" party had already landed, and were busily engaged in partaking of the only "eats" that were left, but fortunately, a little was remaining, which the crew of the "Trotters" quickly demolished.

At this stage the Admiral sent forth a challenge to the effect that he would catch the largest fish, and accordingly the challenge was accepted by a few disciples of Isaac Walton. Purser Callicott being appointed judge. After a short while a fish was captured by Chief Mechanic Soutter, but on account of its size, he was disqualified. The next was landed by Ship's Carpenter Doyle, and this fish being half an inch larger, he was proclaimed the winner, the

prize being, having the pleasure, upon the return to the Mess.

Leaving Ryan's Wharf about 8 p.m., the crew of the "Trotters" requested Admiral Howe not to monkey any further with the engine, consequently they showed a clean pair of heels to the "Iris," and were the first to reach the dock. Here the crew were "paid off" and one by one made their landing. Amidst this activity, the "Iris" came into port to the tune of "The End of a Perfect Day," led by Purser Callicott, as the last strain was being rendered, a figure was seen straining on the pier, next a flash of a figure falling, then a splash, followed by a roar of laughter, and who should come floating upon the waters, with his bathing suit underneath his clothes but Chief Steward Mauchan, who was quickly rescued, damp, but none the worse for his dip, thus giving a fitting climax to "The End of a Perfect Day."

### A TEST FOR THE VOCABULARY.

Out upon the auricular fastidiousness which would anathematise and annihilate street music, peradventure, a rickety asthmatic barrel organ under the staggering manipulation of an emaciated and superannuated mariner, may not dispose such repturous antagonistic melodies as Signor Chandler's violin.

A lady wrote to a friend: "So, poor Mr. Brown is dead. Weel he was a most kindly man and a great help to us in many ways, of course he was quite vulgar, poor dear, so we could not know him, here in town, but we shall meet him in Heaven, no doubt."

During the recent business depression two cloak and suit merchants met on Richelieu Street:—"Hello, Ben," one said to the other, "how's business you darned liar?"

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# YE BATTLE OF SHORNCLIFFE.

By an Eye-Witness.

If you will list to me, I will relate  
In sober, solemn lines,  
That bear no malice but of portent great;  
As memory well defines.  
How once in the Great War, a Mounted Corps  
From Canada's Domains held England's shore.

Held England's shore against a warlike host  
From Shorncliffe to Folkestone.  
And in their mighty pride, drank many a toast,  
And cried in brazen tone:  
"Let them there Huns set foot on this here land,  
Then why we left our trades they'll understand."

Their Colonel was a warrior bold, I mind,  
Of birth Italian,  
And none could guess, he did an organ grind  
In life civilian,  
Or trained a little "she" ape, nicknamed "Nan",  
To "catcha the mon" and "sella the banan."

And of the mighty Bardolph, I must speak,  
A God of War in battle.  
Whose deeds of slaughter made the whole world squeak,  
Oh, slayer of cattle.  
Whose bloody chopping-block still quakes  
From the fierce blows in carving out the steaks.

One Williams, nicknamed "Pot-Gut," in good sooth  
A Squadron did command,  
And held the rank of regimental sleuth  
And did things underhand.  
Or crept on tip-toe in and out the glade  
To see if any "Subs" had skipped parade.

And yet another had a chariot, driven  
With heedless scorn,  
A horseless thing that went like lightning riven,  
With toot of horn,  
And rattle, shake and bump, thru crowds he bored,  
For Major Lewis drove, by trade, a Ford.

Of Russell's deeds I paint from memory's palette,  
An Auctioneer.  
Gad-zooks, a swinger of the mallet,  
Without a peer.  
And I must state before the theme I lose,  
At Castle Somerset, controlled the booze.

Of Inglis many praises I could sing,  
A carver of the cloth  
Of tailors yea, and verily, the King,  
And nothing sloth,  
To soak poor Knights, who came into his shop,  
A price from which no penny he would drop.

And I could write of many warriors more,  
Of Burlingham and Menger  
Of the "Foxy Agitator" and Lord Scudamore—  
These always scoffed at danger.  
And my heart was sad within me, gazing at the massive keep,  
Where two Subalterns were rotting in a dungeon dank and deep.

Their buoyant spirits chafed against control  
And loathed sedate pursuits,  
And yearned to rollick as becomes the role  
Of dashing first class "Loots."  
Ah me, 'twas sad to see these two go down,  
Alas, alack, poor Lafferty and Brown.

Now all these captains, loved the wine and dance,  
And women too,  
And much neglected was the sword and lance,

'Twas sad yet true,  
That one fatal night, mid song and laughing,  
Five thousand Huns were landed in the offing.

A cannon boomed—what oh—and yet perchance  
'Tis naught methinks.  
Let joy be unconfined—on with the dance,  
Pass round the drinks;  
But they were very soon to know their fate,  
Across the breeze came the Hymn of Hate.

Somewhere, out of the night, a trumpet blared,  
Was something wrong?  
And in dumb wonder at each other stared  
That happy throng.  
Then there was crushing, rushing through the Castle,  
To horse—To horse—The cry—"Call every Vassal."

Soon was the Regiment formed, in great profusion  
And horses prancing,  
And orders, shouts, commands and much confusion,  
The moon-beams glancing,  
On all the naked steel, from bow to stern.  
S'death, 'twas goodly, but would all return?

"You Bardolph," quoth the Colonel, "charge their middle."  
"I get you Steve," said he.  
And Hassel, "Cheer them on with your Tin Fiddle,  
Some rag-time melody."  
"Methinks Old "Pot-Gut" you could do a stunt  
By getting thru' their off-side right-half-front.

And Lydiard, you will, if I don't mistake,  
And get my meaning clear,  
Go seize the row-boats down at Hythe and take  
The Blighters in the rear.  
"Gosh," cried the Major, shaking with delight,  
"'Tis excellent, I'll do it." "Sections Right."

Fall out the O.C. Taxies, Lewis fell,  
In unbecoming fashion.  
(He had imbibed of liquor, all too well)  
The Colonel, cried in passion—  
"Go you with Captain Lyle and Cap. Leblanc  
And with your cars, by heck, charge on their flank."

So Bardolph charged their middle, like a steer,  
Williams cut their right-off-side,  
And Lewis charged his autos, in high gear.  
The Colonel gazed around in pride,  
When looking in the heavens, a 'plane he seemed to spy,  
And Scudamore of Egypt, dropped bombs from out the sky.

And mid the clash of steel and cannonade,  
Groans of death and shouts of victory,  
The Auctioneer rushed round with lemonade  
Crying in a voice stentorious,  
"Come quench your thirst, good sirs, 'tis hot as Hades,  
The hard stuff has been finished by the ladies."

Oh, ne'er shall I forget that goodly sight,  
That flower of chivalry.  
How those base Huns were beaten, put to flight,  
With all their devilry.  
They cut them off completely like a swarm of angry bees,  
Drove them down to Folkestone and pushed them off the Leas.

They turned in desperation, towards the sea,  
Could nothing else be done?  
The Fatherland was distant as could be,  
But terror struck them dumb.  
For dancing on the billows, midst silvery shimmering sheens,  
In Squadron line of row-boats, was Lydiard's "Horse Marines".

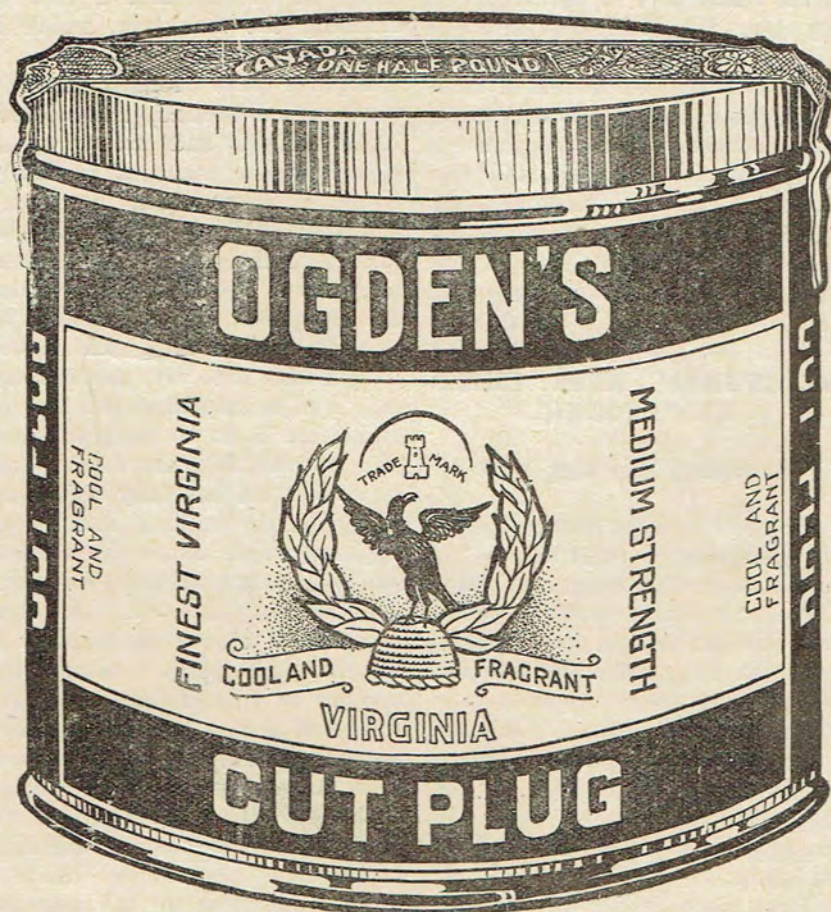
Now, I must end my story, dry my pen  
And quit my rhyme.  
Not one was left of those five thousand men.  
But for all time  
Will live those mighty deeds so great and gory,  
How that Canadian Corps saved England's glory.



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## THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A birthday celebration was in progress at the Sergeants' Mess, the occasion being the presentation of a "Long Distance Medal" to Q.M.S.I. Dowdell, who having completed 18 years service with "Good conduct, etc." had earned this much coveted decoration. Our hearty congratulations to him.

The presentation was made by the no less a personage than Staff Sgt. Ellis, and this being completed, the order of the day was to celebrate at the expense of the victim concerned, and, as on all such occasions, it's surprising where the friends come from at the slightest mention of anything "free," which no doubt, our worthy friend Q.M.S.I. Dowdell, good naturally realized.

The feast being in progress, no time was lost in catching the right "spirit," under the experienced eye of a well known connoisseur, whose name I had better omit in case he has too many of these occasions to superintend, but who, nevertheless, showed "good taste." Thus the evening passed pleasantly and joyously away, and it is at this stage of my account, that the story really commences.

The hour had approached for the closing of the Mess, which hour is religiously observed, and on this particular occasion, a suggestion was made from some remote corner to the effect that as no further refreshment was available, why not take a boat trip on the Richelieu River, and visit a friend well known to the Assembly, which suggestion was immediately taken up by the thirsty throng, and, accordingly, a motor boat was commandeered under the able seamanship of Tommy Howe, who by the way is to be congratulated for the splendid manner in which he took the helm amidst such stormy waters as the Richelieu River, and with such a faulty crew at his disposal, however, after a brilliant display of the vocabulary of this gentleman, our good ship commenced to purr, and away we sped to "lord knows where."

I need not go into detail as to the personnel of the crew, except to mention one, and even he will in all probability doubt the truth of this story, for reasons I will leave entirely to the imagination. However, we were endeavouring to affect a landing after having got stuck on a sand-bar, and at last located what appeared to be a suitable spot. Two or three of the company had got ashore, when in an endeavour to do likewise, the gentleman to whom this story is dedicated, namely Q.M.S. Mauchan, of the Royal Canadian Engineers, a W.O., who always ap-

pears so busy, that he never has time even to visit the Mess during the day, was seen to disappear in the darkness, a voice was heard, and Tommy upon whose back he had fallen was doing his best to prevent the Foreman of Works from slipping further into the water, he being nearly up to his waist as it was. It was not long before he was safely hauled out, and the merry company set out to visit the "Friend."

After being taken what appeared to be several miles in an automobile belonging to another "friend," the company arrived at the house, which, if I remember correctly, was called "The Frontenac" and here is the sequel to my story, for all in this house had retired for the night, and the company were obliged to return home much disappointed, but with hopes that on some future occasion the quest may be rewarded, and that the gentleman who made the suggestion will be one of the party, instead of retreating to a nearby tent, and there spending the night.

G. E. C.

## SERGEANTS' MESS CHILDREN'S PICNIC.

Saturday, July 21st, 1923.

Great excitement prevailed upon the gathering of the Clans on the occasion of the Sergeants' Mess Children's Picnic to Mount Johnson, and no time was lost in getting everyone away from the Barracks to the scene of activities.

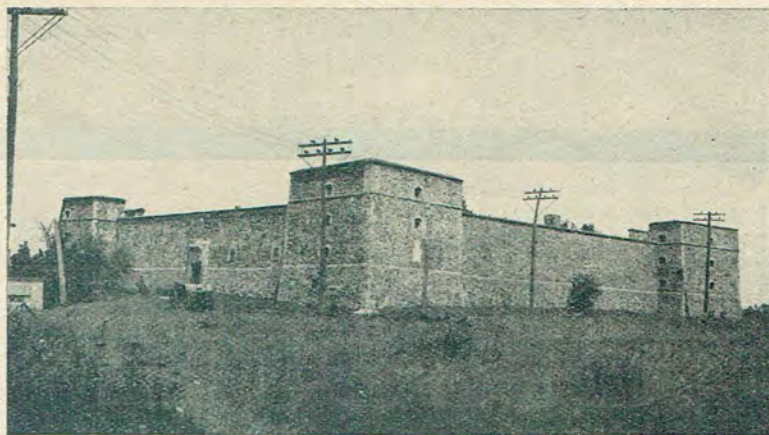
Arriving at Mount Johnson, everyone soon caught the spirit of merry-making, and for some considerable time sports were indulged in, the results of which are as follows:—

Boys' race, under 10 years—1, Victor Jewkes; 2, Lawrence Hammond.

Boys' race, over 10 years—1, Charles Smith; 2, John Barker.

Girls under 10 years—1, Jean Mountford; 2, Ethel Dowdell.

Girls over 10 years—1, Miss Mauchan; 2, Miss O'Donnel.



Fort Chambly in 1921.

Married Ladies' race—1, Mrs. Barraclough; 2, Mrs. Ellis.

Members of Sgts. Mess race—1, Q.M.S. Snape, R.C.D.; 2, Sgt. Scutter, R.C.A.S.C. (M.T.)

The prizes were kindly donated by the following local merchants: Messrs. Luc Papineau, C. O. Gervais, C. Fredette, J. C. Harbee, E. Mayrand, Simpson's Grocery, J. A. Boulais, Cpl. W. Hargreaves.

Supper on the green was the next event, to which everyone from the youngest to the oldest, did ample justice, and was much enjoyed by all. Games were then partaken of, and a suggestion was raised by a gentleman of an adventurous form of mind, that a party be formed with a view to climbing the mountain, which is 750 feet above sea-level.

A party quite strong in numbers soon rallied around, and accordingly set off, and as we went higher so the numbers gradually dwindled down until the party consisted of five. To go into detail as to the difficulties encountered from especially an effeminate viewpoint, would probably be better excluded from this narrative, suffice it to say, that the one lady who accomplished this feat of endurance is to be congratulated, and we trust that her worthy husband will not have any objections to replacing various articles of apparel, which under the circumstances, must have suffered quite a number of tears, etc. However, a word to the doubting mind as to whether the party reached the summit of this mountain, we are informed that a Dow's Old Stock bottle was fastened to the flagpole at the top, and that anyone wishing to visit that Mountain, will find it there, minus the contents, of course.

The time came all too soon for the return journey, which was taken at low speed in order that a good old time sing-song could be enjoyed. Songs were resurrected from the dim past which were almost entirely forgotten, and so the happy company amidst this song of popular music, journeyed

home, reaching the Barracks at 9 p.m., all having had a wonderful trip, and none the worse for their several adventures.

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## Here and There.

The Vickers Amphibian which visited the Camp on June 26th, crashed in the Ottawa River while commencing a flight to Winnipeg. The plane was about 10 feet above the river when it suddenly nosedived into the water, breaking its back; it was valued at over \$30,000. The pilot and his mechanic escaped serious injury, by what appeared to be almost a miracle, and were rescued from the sinking wreck by companions who were watching the commencement of the flight.

One of the Air Board launches was standing by, and those in it secured a rope to the fast sinking plane and towed it to Kettle Island where it was beached. The damaged machine is one of eight ordered by the Government. These will be used in Forestry Patrol work and in conducting Topographical Surveys. They are capable of carrying five passengers and have a speed of from 85 to 100 miles an hour and they embody the latest design in airplane construction.

An Army Order states that in future a private soldier of the Cavalry of the Line will be designated "Trooper," and a private of the Foot Guards, "Guardsmen." Similarly it is laid down that a private of a Fusilier regiment will now be described as "Fusilier," and of a Rifle regiment, "Rifleman."

The only real change effected by this Order is the introduction of the term "Fusilier." The term "Guardsmen" already has a local customary use. "Trooper" and "Rifleman" have long been in use throughout the Service, and this custom now receives full official recognition.

At a joint meeting of the Board of Control and the Board of Trade in Ottawa recently it was suggested that the Rockcliffe rifle ranges should be transformed into Zoological Gardens, with a Civic Golf Course and an extension of the "Driveway." The matter has been submitted to the Department of National Defence for consideration.

In answer to a question, on the characteristics of the different arms of the service, given at the exam. held on the conclusion of the Cavalry School Camp, a future Napoleon wrote that: "Cyclists are absolutely useless in 'Shock Action'."

On the 18th July a sea-plane piloted by Capt. Waite arrived

here from Ottawa, and docked at the Officers' pier. This machine was to be used in connection with the Militia Staff Course being held at barracks. Unfortunately while making a landing, after a short flight, assisted by a strong East wind, the boat was driven head on to the pier, which it struck with such force as to damage the nose of the machine and put the steering gear out of commission. Capt. Waite decided it was unsafe to do any further flying until repairs could be made, so the plane returned to Ottawa in the afternoon.

Major General J. H. McBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of the General Staff, and Brig. General A. G. McNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O. Director of Training, visited the barracks during the Staff Course.

Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D., is now Adjutant vice Major R. Nordheimer, M.C., R.C.D.

Staff Sgt. W. Ellis, "Old Ben," C.M.S.C., ex-R. C. D., has taken his discharge and left for "Blighty," to take up a position in the Tower of London—"Old Ben" will make a fine "Beef-eater." He wishes to be remembered to all of the "old bunch" and extends an invitation to those who may ever visit London to look him up at 20 Angel Road, Hammersmith, London, S. W.

The undermentioned have been awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, having completed 18 years service:—

Q.M.S.I. J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D. (I.C.)

Sgt. F. P. Hanaghan, R.C.D.  
Pte. A. E. Merrick, R.C.D.

Capt. W. J. Morgan, R.C.A.V.C., has taken over the duties as Veterinary Officer in the barracks.

Lt. Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O., R.C.D., and Mrs. Gilman paid a short visit to the barracks last week.

Capt. Waite again arrived here on July 23rd in the hydro-plane, the damage which it received on its last visit having been repaired, it put up on the south side of the Officers' pier and all precautions were taken to prevent any further accident. Each of the candidates at the Staff Course took a trip up, the large landing floats at the Yacht Club being used as a landing place. A number of spectators took great interest in the skilful manner in which the large machine was handled in landing and taking off. Those on the front of the Club were taken unawares by the breeze stirred up by the propeller and straw hats rapidly disappear-

ed. The plane remained here until 5 a.m. on Saturday when it left for Ottawa.

## THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A STAFF CLERK.

Two men adorned in khaki met at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., one sultry day in July. They had come from their respective stations to assist in a clerical capacity, the Militia Staff Course, both being members of that much maligned but none the less brilliant Corps of Military Staff Clerks.

Arriving at an improvised office, composed of barrack tables and forms, they were informed that much work had to be done, and that it was hoped they were prepared to work night and day, to which a somewhat hesitant reply of "yes" was given.

The Corps of Military Staff Clerks, judging from all reports, would appear to be fast evolving into a Corps of Shorthand experts, with speeds ranging anywhere from 20 words a minute and upwards, and naturally much study is demanded of the individual who is desirous of gaining promotion, which is the only medium by which such can be gained, and who, nevertheless, asks himself the question, is all this study justifiable? when after he has gained the necessary certificate, he apparently ceases to use his knowledge thus resultant, and one continually hears the Staff Clerk bemoaning his fate, on account of getting "rusty," through the non-usage of the art, and still the powers that be insist that he should be fully qualified, even though he may seldom put his knowledge into practice.

It was along this topic of conversation that the two men dwelt for some considerable time, when they were interrupted by the voice of an orderly, who requested that they present themselves to their respective chiefs at once.

Full of anticipation the two went to pay their respects, which resulted in a "little" work. Disappointed they returned to their domiciliary, there to commence their tasks, which needless to say were quickly executed, and the order of the day was "wait and see."

It was a long wait, and were it not for an occasional constitutional at the Sergeants' Mess, which fortunately, had a good natured and most obliging caterer at the time, these two members of the "Stenographic Corps" would have been sorely pressed for something to occupy their time.

Various suggestions were offer-

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ed as to how to most beneficially utilize their time, such as grass to cut, weeds to demolish, whitewashing stones around the barracks, etc., all of which had no appeal to these self-respecting Staff Clerks, who after having one fatigue to perform, namely that of sweeping-up cigarette butts in a nearby room, thought the limit of their dignity had been reached.

Such was the life that was led throughout this Course, and whilst they doubtless must have appreciated such a splendid rest-up from their laborious tasks at their home stations, we are still very much in doubt as to whether after all, "The pen is mightier than the sword," for we never saw one used during this Course, perhaps a substitute could now be made, that the Typewriter is the mighty weapon.

We would appreciate any further remarks from brother Staff Clerks along these lines, also we trust that the two concerned in this narrative are quite settled in their respective stations, and fully recuperative after their laborious sojourn in the Royal School of Cavalry.

G. E. C.



## Notes at Random.

The coal miners of Cape Breton have decided to go back to work. This was possibly due to the fact that the sun had at last decided to come out in sympathy with the public.

A ten-year-old American girl is writing popular music-hall songs. So Prohibition is not the only trouble they have to the South of us.

"Every American should extend a hand of friendship across the sea to England," recently declared Dr. Scotland, of New York. Many good Americans, of course, would be more than satisfied if they could extend their hands just beyond the three-mile limit.

A parrot that had escaped from the Circus, which visited St. Johns a short time ago, was located on one of the canal barges, which he refused to leave. We are told that he is holding his own in the matter of repartee.

Recurring to the subject of the speed with which crack chess-players move, we may quote the following unreliable report: During a recent Chess Tournament one player called the steward and remarked, "Do you mind removing my opponent? He has been unconscious seven days, and I think he must by now be dead."

The improvements made in aeronautics is certainly remarkable. We read in a daily newspaper of a recent date, that: "F. T. Courtney won the Aerial Derby for the King's Cup. Completing the 800 mile course at an average of 149.3 miles an hour, an increase of nearly 209 miles an hour over the best time last year." We are inclined to wonder if the plane which won last year, has yet been constructed.

A member of a debating team from the Columbia University, U.S.A., in England, stated that America was the land of romanticism and for that reason welcomed the fair sex, as he called the girls. "The hand that rocks the cradle," he said, "swings the tennis racket," and he saw Venus rising from the foam with a swimming championship!

We are now being told that paralysis can be cured by poison gas. Stranger marvels are to be read in the histories of medicine. I heard of a lady once who, having spent several years in the belief that she was paralysed, suddenly jumped up and ran for her life because a

Highlander in uniform playfully stooped down and kissed her while she was sitting, unattended, in her bath-chair.

It is reported that the Americans competing in the golf championships at Troon introduced a new title for the "royal and ancient" game. Golf enthusiasts were referred to as suffering from "foot and mouth disease" because they "foot" it all day and "mouth" about it all night.

In future the old Ottoman Empire is to be known as the Turkish States. Call it what you wish, but a Turk by any other name loses none of his guile.

We read in a newspaper that a century from now the leading world powers will be the United States, Brazil, Australia and China. Sure it must have been an oversight in forgetting to add—Ireland.

A story, which brings to memory the days of the C.E.F., has reached us from Ireland. It illustrates the democratic character of the new regime in Dublin:—An important personage called at the Vice-Regal Lodge in a luxurious limousine and asked the sentry if he could see the Governor-General. "I don't know," replied the soldier, and then turning to his superior officer, a colonel, he asked, "Mike, do you know is Tim at home?"

A news item from Niagara Falls, N.Y., describing an accident to a picnic party, travelling in a truck, which was struck by a New York Central passenger train, killing nine of the occupants, states: "Capriotto was driving the truck and failed to notice the approach of the train which was running 25 miles an hundred feet." "At this rate of speed poor Capriotto did not have a chance."

## The Last Post.

During the recent Cavalry School Camp a certain Major was approached one day by a man who had obviously been in the service only long enough to draw his uniform. The man failed to salute, but the Major, a kindly man in spite of twenty years of Army life, overlooked it. The private gazed with respectful awe at the string of ribbons across the Major's broad chest.

"Gee!" he remarked, "you must be an old timer."

"Yes," answered the Major pleasantly, "I am."

"Say," began the man cordially

in a whisper, "do you ever drink anything?"

The Major was truthful as well as kindly. He admitted that once in a while he took a small nip, and then turned away, as his new-found friend was proving embarrassing.

"Wait," said the hospitable Private, "I got some here..."

This was too much even for a kindly major.

"Sergeant Major!" he shouted.

"Aw," protested the man. "Don't call your friends—there's only enough for two."

Cook, in the Officers' Mess, to the helper, who had been issued with the eggs for breakfast:—"How many eggs are there?" "Four dozen," was the reply. "The son of a gun," said the cook, "the 'Quarter Bloke' said there were forty-eight."

"Sailor" Lawrence and some other batmen were chatting one evening on the merits and demerits of the various Staff Officers they were looking after. During the course of the "Pow-wow," "Sailor" remarked, "you fellows may talk about your Colonels and Majors, but I'm looking after a real live 'Marquis'."

During the camp an officer from Scotstown, Que., told a story about a man named Angus Colin McTavish, who also lives there. McTavish was not precisely an all-round athlete, but he invariably entered his name for all the events in the local Highland games on the chance that he would capture one or two prizes of more value than the combined entrance fees, which were commuted at one dollar for the lot. He manfully tossed the caber and ran in the distance races in the hope of coming out twenty-five cents ahead of his day's expenses; but in the mile race it was apparent to his most fervent admirers that he was not half trying. In fact there were only eight runners and Angus Colin McTavish finished eighth.

"Mon," one of his friends asked, "why do ye no run faster?"

"Run faster," the all-round athlete exclaimed scornfully, "an' me repair'ing myself for the bagpipe competition!"

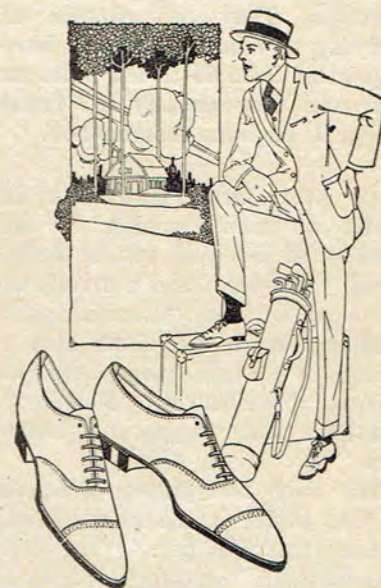
Two Highlanders stood looking at the imposing front of a big building in London. The corner stone bore the date in Roman characters: "MCMIV". "Look at that, Sandy," said his companion proudly, "Ah've never heered th' name McMiv before, but there's a Scotsman who's got his name on one of th' finest buildings in London. Ye can't keep our boys down, can ye?"

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## By-Town Bits.

**More Navy Recruits.**—The second batch of the Ottawa half company of the R.C.V.N.R. left last week for their annual training at Halifax. Lieut. R. Shipley, the senior officer in charge at Ottawa accompanied this detachment. The original quota for Ottawa was one half company, but the rush of eager youth to join, and the fine facilities for training are causing those taking an interest in the sailors to approach the department with a request for a full company here.

**D. R. A.**—The week commencing the 13th instant will be a busy one at Connaught Ranges. For the past three weeks the quartermaster Major S. E. de la Ronde, has had a gang of men at work getting things in readiness for the annual influx of crack shots from all over the Dominion. Those attending this year will find a vast improvement over last year. The train service is better and in addition a steady stream of busses will operate from the end of the Ottawa Street railway at Britannia. A fleet of motor boats will also transport those wishing to cross from Aylmer. The new administration building, while not yet quite complete will be available for the business end of the shoot. The markers and register keepers are all men who are on to their job and an efficient corps of range officers have also been detailed. Lieut. Col. R. J. Birdwhistle has left nothing undone and everything points, if the weather holds, to a successful shoot.

**Tiny at large.**—Lieut. Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.O., M.C., Commandant of the Small Arms School left last week on a trip of inspection at Long Branch and Pointe aux Trembles rifle shoots.

**Small Arms School.**—The Canadian Small Arms School at Connaught Ranges has been in full blast for the past month. The attendance is not as large as had been expected owing to the Permanent Force being ordered to Sydney. It is expected that the details from the P.F. will be available for the course after the D. R. A. The staff of instructors include Major F. Sawers, R.C.D.; Captain J. Edwards, R.C.M.G.B., and Lieut Poirier, Royal 22nd Regt. Owing to the lack of P. F. details it was necessary to engage a large number of civilians to do the marking, etc., on the ranges. A large number of school cadet instructors took in the course, the total strength of the first course being 101.

**Fall Tactical Schemes.**—A warning order has been sent out from Headquarters M.D. 3, announcing a fall syllabus of tactical schemes for the officers in the command. Officers Commanding units are asked to confer with the staff at Kingston in order that suitable schemes may be arranged. It is almost certain that a garrison scheme will be held at Ottawa for one or two days in the country north of the Ottawa River.

**Cavalry Association.**—The annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association will be held towards the end of September in Winnipeg. Colonel J. R. Munro, the president of the Association, has issued orders calling the meeting for the time mentioned and it is expected that a large number will be in attendance.

**Annual Training.**—All the units of the Ottawa garrison have completed their annual training. The Hull Regiment commenced on the 8th instant for their nine days training. Lieut. Col. J. A. Clouthier, who has held command for the past three years has gone to the reserve and he has been succeeded by Major R. Girard. Major Girard is an enthusiastic soldier and had a splendid record overseas as liaison officer with the French Army. He obtained the French Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre. He recently obtained second place in an examination, open to all officers in the British Army, in the French language. The new Second in Command is Major Alphonse Payette, M.C., A.D.C. Major Payette served overseas with the 22nd Battalion and is postmaster of the City of Hull. He is also a honorary aide-de-camp to the Governor-General.

**The Soldier's Litany.**—From haw-haw staff Johnnies, bull faced orderly sergeants, extra picquets, one star wonders, ardent swankers, general officers' inspections, W. E. Raney, military dentists, transfers to dry depots, furnace fatigues, waiting in officers' mess on guest nights, Rev. Ben Spence, flappers in general, church parades, dug-out generals, Saturday scrubbing parties, escort to our best pal, Montreal policemen, Ontario beer, blinking remounts, steel head-chains, anything steel, Sydney strike duty, being groom to Timmy, temperance lectures, eye-wash, marking for artillery at Petawawa, number nines, 5.30 reveille, medical inspection after a week end in Montreal, marching order parades, kit inspection, grass cutting fatigues, fatigues in general, sweeping out the adjutant's office, can-teen eggs, cleaning-officers' cars,

doing acting lance-corporal unpaid, local option gin, being servant to an attached militia officer, shovelling snow, also coal, washing the O'C's wife's poodle, the rough end of 'Newkie's' tongue, infantry adjutants, musical rides, review order escorts in July, guard duty Christmas day, guard duty any time, bareback exercise rides, Niagara Camp, the H.Q. staff at large, falling foul of Charlie Smith, and other and divers things, Good Lord deliver us.

## THE KING'S MEDAL.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of the grant of six medals to be awarded annually to the Champion Shots, respectively, of the Military Forces at Home, and of the Military Forces of India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

The medal is silver and bears on the obverse the effigy of His Majesty, on the reverse is the figure of a semi-naked olden time bowman, who bears a shield transfix-ed by three arrows. The medal is mounted on a plain bar and the ribbon has a red centre with black border, and down each border a white stripe. In each case in which the medal is issued, a clasp will be affixed denoting the year of award and a clasp only will be issued for a second or further award. The medals will become the property of the winners and may be worn during the whole of their service, on the left breast.

The medal was first instituted on 30th April 1869. The winner of the first medal in 1869 was one Sergeant Ryle, of the 14th Foot, but, a contemporary reminds us, the man who used to do the greatest work with the old Snider was Private Bryant, of the 62nd Wiltshire, who was unbeatable and won in 1870 and 1871. The next in succession was Private S. Whitby, of the 105th Madras Light Infantry, who was followed by a winner at home in Colour-Sergeant Hedges of the 3rd Grenadier Guards. The 14th Bucks had the 1874 winner in Private J. Gardiner. Then the Martini made its appearance and a medal had to be awarded for that arm, as well as for the Snider, and the winners were Colour Sgt. T. Wallace, 37th Hants; Sgt. A. oods, 81st Loyals in 1875, and Col. Sgt. Hogan, 20th East Devon and Pte. J. Murphy, 11th North Devon in 1876. In 1877 Sgt Salmond, of the 78th Highlanders won. In 1878 the 2nd Rifle Brigade provided the champion in Sgt. T. Armstrong, followed by Sgt. H. Morgan of the 77th East Middlesex in 1879. Then the old numbers

were dropped and the last winners of the medal were Col. Sgt. W. Mitchell, 2nd Battalion, The Royal West Kent Regiment in 1880; Drummer J. Savage, 2nd Battalion The North Staffordshire Regiment in 1881. Sgt. E. Andrews, 2nd Battalion, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, being the last holder, in 1882.

A Rifle Association medal took its place unofficially, and now the old award comes back, clothed in full authority, to be won and worn. Sergeant C. Mapp, formerly of the Royal Engineers, now at the Small Arms School, won the first medal presented to the Home Forces at Bisley last month.

## EDINBURGH AND TORONTO CLASH.

### Withering Remarks Pass Back and Forth on "Manners."

Edinburgh, August 6.—(Canadian Press Cable.)—Which city is entitled to the palm for the worst manners, Edinburgh or Toronto? The press of the Scottish capital is agitated over the sharp criticism of its lack of courtesy and the social amenities directed against it by a Canadian tourist. With true Caledonian perversity "auld reekie" meets the charge with a counter charge, and in the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch, a correspondent has some withering things to say of the Queen City and its inhabitants.

The mild reproach of the Canadian is met with the blasting remark that "criticism is being hurled from that quarter of all in the world least entitled to speak—Canada."

"The Canadian complains of our smelly, noisy motor cyclists," continues the outraged Scot. "Everyone who has been to Canada will agree, that for speedy, noisy, careless automobile traffic, Toronto and Vancouver cannot be beat outside of the States. Fatal motor accidents averaged more than three a week in Toronto last fall.

"Smoking is forbidden in most of the public Canadian buildings—for insurance purposes. To make up for it most Canadians will smoke all over anybody's private house without permission or apology. And Canadian tobacco would nauseate a Maltese.

"Most of the dogs of Edinburgh are of recognizable breed and owned. Except for Toronto and Ottawa, Canada swarms with pariah dogs, savage and ownerless."

The letter is signed "Lucas Grant." So far the Canadian has not yet recovered sufficient strength to launch a counter attack.—Daily Star.



## The Letter Box.

The following cutting from "The Sydney Post" has been forwarded to this office from the "Strike Area":—

### EXHIBITION BY MOUNTED TROOPS IS SUGGESTED

#### Royal Canadian Dragoons Should Provide Good Show.

It has been proposed that the mounted troops encamped here at present give a sports meeting and exhibition of horsemanship and musical drill.

Although there are different units of mounted troops on duty here it would appear that they unanimously concede that the classiest horsemanship is provided by the Royal Canadian Dragoons who are used generally on ceremonial occasions at the capital city. The other mounted units agree that while mounts from the other regiments might compete in races with the Dragoons, there is not the slightest doubt that for an exhibition of expert horsemanship, ordinary manoeuvres or musical drill the latter class of mounted men are superior to any others here at present.

They say that, in musical exhibition shows, the horses are almost human in their intelligence. They go through their parts with precision and the dancing by the horses is a sight to be remembered.

Although the Dragoons have not a band of their own here, it is said that on a former occasion when the Royal Canadian Regiment and the Dragoons were quartered together the band of the infantry unit provided excellent music for the horsemanship. Most people who heard the Royal Canadian Regiment band on Sunday would appreciate again the opportunity to see the equestrian exhibition in addition to listening to another band concert.

The following is an extract of a letter received from Lt. Col. R. G. Howard Vyse, C.M.G., D.S.O., Royal Horse Guards, Regents Park Barracks, London, N.W.1, England.

"I have been meaning for some time to write and thank you for sending me your paper, 'The Goat.' I read it with a great deal of interest, and I think it is really kind of you to have thought of sending it me, considering that my connection with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, though very valuable to me, was neither a very long nor a very close one. But it coincides with what, to me, is the best soldiering time I ever had—as G.S.O.I, 5th Cavalry Division.

In spite of amalgamations and

reductions, the Cavalry Spirit still goes on in this country, and I think the pendulum of popular opinion is swinging back a little towards us.

My own Regiment, which I have commanded for 18 months, has been lucky enough to escape reduction. If any R.C.D. come to London he is sure of a warm welcome from me at the above address, where we shall be stationed for at least another year.

Will you please remember me very kindly to Major Bowie, and to any other friends of mine who may be still serving in the R. C. D's."

Quebec, Aug. 10, 1923.

Mr. Editor,—

My attention was recently drawn to the contribution titled, "The Historic Richelieu Valley," by Major A. H. Moore. But as I have missed Part I. of the article, you would do me a great favour in procuring same for me. Thanking you in advance, I beg you mail at my expense to

A. Buteau, I.C.

71 Bougainville Ave.

Quebec.

### A QUESTION.

"I say," exclaimed the traveling salesman, just as if it had suddenly occurred to him, and he hadn't been thinking of it all along, "what's become of that stunning blonde stenographer you had around here the last time I called?"

The buyer pointed beyond the low railing which separated his desk from the main office.

"See that long corridor, with the various departments on both sides?" he questioned.

The salesman nodded.

"Well," said the others, "here on this side is the bookkeeper's office, and beyond that the cashier's, and beyond that the sales department. Now, on the other side, you see the auditor's desk, the complaint department, the credit department, the vice president's office, etc. Get it?"

"Sure," responded the salesman, puzzled. "But I don't get you. What I asked was, what has become of that good-looking stenographer?"

The boss held up a warning hand.

"Wait," he said, "I'm telling you, only you'll have to let me do it in my own way. You may recall that the stenographer you're inquiring about was in the sales department, way down at the end of the corridor."

"Sure," nodded the salesman.

"All right, then," went on the buyer. "Now about a dozen times an hour, that blonde dame either

went to the water-cooler for a drink, or to some other department on an errand, or found some other excuse to trail down the corridor. Ever notice how she walked?"

"Did I?" sighed the salesman. "Ah, boy!"

"Exactly. And every time she started that parade, all business ceased along the line of march. Every man, every boy, every adolescent male in the works quit what he was doing, and rested his eyes on those hips, those shoulders, them eyes, them profile, and other details.

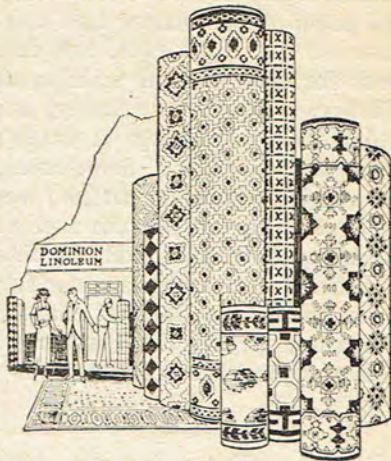
"The bookkeeper would double cross his double entries, the cashier would hand out two tens for a five, the vice-president would lose a big customer, the adding machine chaps would hit the wrong keys, the office boys would forget everything.

"I called in an efficiency expert, and he figured that every time that blonde strolled down the corridor, it cost the firm \$97.82. And since she was only pulling down \$20 a week herself, and worth about half that—well, I guess that answers your question."

There is a story going the rounds about a coloured man who had been put in prison for manslaughter. When asked by a visitor if he had been sentenced for life, he replied: "No, Suh, not for life. Jes. from now on." This reminds me of another one, on similar lines, which was pulled off during the excavations at Luxor. An extremely old Egyptian was very much in evidence, and some of the other natives, present, thought that the relics must have been buried there within his recollection: "They were not buried in my time," he said. "And you have lived here all your life?" one of the excavators asked. "No, Efendi, not all my life," the old man replied, "only up to now."

A teacher in a certain public school was giving an object lesson on the whale. She had thoroughly discussed the habits of the whale in life and proceeded to a consideration of its usefulness in death. "Now, children," she said, "what is it that we do with whale bones?" The children looked at her blankly. They were a rather obtuse lot of children, from families whose mothers cooked, washed and sewed in kimonos without the restraining influence of whale bone. "Come, come," the teacher exclaimed, impatiently, "Don't any of you know what we do with whale bones?" At last a little girl, better dressed than the rest, raised her hand. "We leave them on the side of our plates," she said, smugly, "it ain't polite you should spit them on the carpet."

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A man who believed he knew all about parrots undertook to teach what he thought to be a young mute bird to say "Hello," in one lesson. Going up to the cage, he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes, the parrot not paying the slightest attention.

At the final "Hello" the bird opened one eye, gazed at the man and snapped out, "Line's busy."



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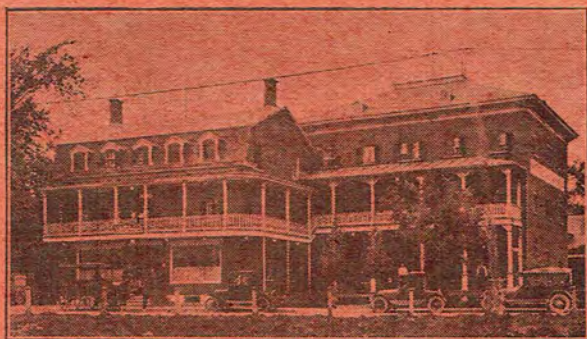
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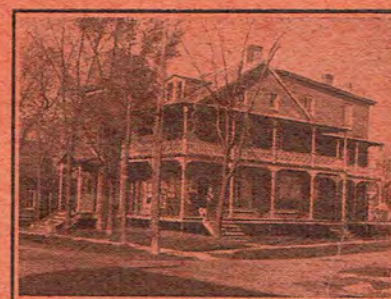
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